

*see inside for complete details

Our Voice

DISCUSSION GROUP

WHEN:

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 23 & 24
4 P.M. - 9 P.M.

WHERE:

BISSELL CENTRE 10527-96 STREET

WHO IS WELCOME:

All vendors, writers, readers, customers, advertisers, the supporting community, social justice and poverty activists, friends of the magazines, pretty much everybody.

11th Annual
Join the Circle Rally & Walk Sober
Monday
November 15th, 1999



Building Healthy Communities

"It takes a whole community to raise a child"

10:00 am - Official Ceremonies at Edmonton City Hall
11:00 am - Walk to Sacred Heart Church of the First Peoples
11:30 am - Refreshments at Sacred Heart Church of the First Peoples

ENTERTAINMENT

White Buffalo Dancers



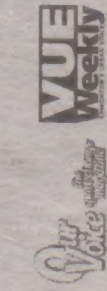
SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER

David Languedoc
and Rainbow

Parkland Institute Presents
Its Third Annual
Conference

The Corporation as Big Brother

CHALLENGING THE
PRIVATIZATION OF
KNOWLEDGE



*FEATURING
Dr. Vandana Shiva
Author of BIOPIRACY

November 25-27, 1999

University of Alberta Campus. Early bird up to Nov. 1st.

* Vandana Shiva is one of the world's most dynamic and provocative thinkers. A physicist, ecologist, and activist, she won the Right Livelihood Award in 1993. She is the Director of The Research Foundation for Science, Technology and Natural Resource Policy, a network of researchers specializing in sustainable agriculture and development based in India. Her most recent book is *Biopiracy: The Plunder of Nature and Knowledge* (1997).

EDMONTON
November 25, 7:30 p.m.
Meyer Horowitz Theatre
University of Alberta

The conference will also feature:

Naomi Klein
Heather-Jane Robertson
Nettie Wiebe

Dr. Nancy Olivieri
Reg Whitaker
Michael Rowbottom

Prices for the conference:

	Low Income	Regular	Institutional	After Nov. 1
Parkland Members	\$38	\$60	\$75	\$40 \$80 \$100
Non Members	\$40	\$60	\$75	\$50 \$70 \$125
Saturday Pass	Regular \$25, Low Income \$20			

Individual Tickets for Vandana Shiva: \$10 advance, \$12 at the door.
To register or for more information call the Parkland Institute at (780) 492-8858 or e-mail us at parkland@ualberta.ca. For updates visit our website at www.ualberta.ca/parkland. For Calgary tickets call 270-3200.

November 1999 Vol. 6 No 11

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Please buy only from badged vendors.
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Our Voice

the
spare change
magazine

LARRY DERKACH

After 24 years, he says
Goodbye to Bissell Centre



Sniffing-

a cheap but serious addiction

**Wayne
Gretzky**

What do we think?

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Story on Page 8 originally
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people in our society while
communicating about their
issues to the public.

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Injured workers getting mad at the WCB

"The biggest scam going?"

Michael Walters

"I worked for more than twenty years at the same job, some-
times seven days a week. I made my company money and I paid
my taxes, but when I hurt my back that was it for me. No one
cared. I went to the Workers Compensation Board and they
would give me nothing. They're the biggest scam goin' as far as
I'm concerned," said Everett.

Everett worked as a pipefitter in the oilfield construction busi-
ness. One day while working up on a gas plant treater, he felt
something snap out of place in his lower back.

"I went to my doctor and he told me I had some deterioration
and that it would take quite a while for it to heal and it would
probably never be good as new, but we all wear out to some
degree. The doc figured from all the
stress I put on it over the years, work-
ing outside in the cold and all the lift-
ing and twisting was the big reason for
it to snap out of place. It was all work
related."

But the WCB didn't see it that way.
They had Everett see one of their
Medical Advisors. The WCB doctor
concluded that the injury was caused
by having a "weak back, not by any-
thing related to work".

"I wanna know how they figure my
back got so weak and for Christsakes I was at work when it
snapped out of place," said Everett. "I'll fight those bastards until I
get what I deserve. I'm not going to let my family go hungry."

For Everett his fight has only just begun. For others like
Fernando Ferreira, the fight seems like it will never end.

"I haven't been able to work since 1993. I had 6 operations on
my knees and my financial situaion is really bad," he says.

Fernando was receiving \$293/month, but due to his being on
CPP disability that paid him \$600/month, the WCB cut him back
paying him \$83/month.

"They don't want to deal with long term disability. They won't
even talk to me. It's unfortunate. The system should work for us,
we pay them. The WCB is above the law. We can't take them to
court. We can't afford lawyers," he says.



Hunger striker Frank Pagnotta

The Protest

Frank Pagnotta chained himself to a railing outside the down-
town offices of the WCB in August. He is demanding that an
independent inquiry be held into the workings of the WCB.

"I'm tired of people committing suicide, families breaking up
and lives being ruined because of the WCB," he said.

"Someone has to take a stand and most people are afraid of the
WCB, because they have the money we need so they have the
power over our lives."

Pagnotta was injured when he was struck by a cement shute
on the job in 1991. They accepted his claim simply as a back-
strain, which meant he was supposed to recover, but he never
has. It took three years to discover that he has three protruding
disks and it took eight years to get an MRI (Magnetic Resonance
Imaging).

Pagnotta, who has four children, began publicly voicing his
concerns more than two years ago, but still nothing has been
done.

"The Auditor General even said their (WCB) books weren't
adding up, but the government chooses to
ignore it.

"They (WCB) are systemically denying claims
and abusing injured workers," Pagnotta said.

Another person, a healthcare worker, who
refused to give her name for fear her claim
will be discontinued, alleges that in order for
her to even receive compensation, she was
forced to come and perform clerical tasks in
the WCB offices.

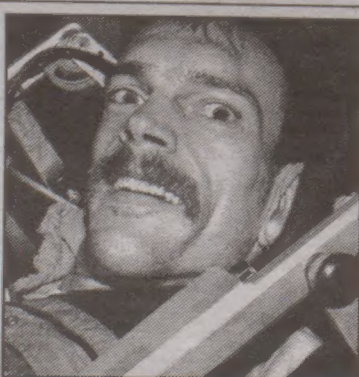
Nancy Saul Demers, Corporate
Communications Director for the WCB says
"that is not standard practice, but it is possi-
ble. Often when people are injured we encourage them to look
for alternative employment and if that employment is here for
them... and if they are interested in competing for a position here
then it's possible."

WCB defence

"We handle about 120,000 claims per year and less than 3% of
them are denied," says Saul Demers. "We have a collection of peo-
ple here doing the best job they can to satisfy every person we
serve. We do make errors."

When asked whether or not there should be an independent
inquiry looking into the actions of the WCB, Saul Demers says
"no".

"If the majority of injured workers were unsatisfied, we would
then believe that an independent inquiry would be required."



Memorial Service for Rick Bertram

November 19, 1999
2 p.m.

Edmonton General Hospital
111street and Jasper Avenue.

People who knew Rick Bertram, a former *Our Voice* vendor,
were surprised to learn of his death. Literally thousands of people
would recognize the man, who spent much of the last few years
panhandling downtown and along Whyte Avenue from his
motorized wheelchair.

Now, those who knew him will have a chance to gather and
say good-bye, during a non-denominational memorial service at
the General Hospital.

The 38-year-old Bertram died July 22 from an overdose of
Methadone and Diazepam.

Methadone is used to relieve symptoms of heroin withdrawal
and in some cases, for pain control. Diazepam is a sedative, most

commonly sold under the brand name Valium. Both are prescrip-
tion drugs. As a quadriplegic, Bertram would have been unable to
administer the drugs himself. Police are investigating his death as
"suspicious."

Val Plante, a recreation therapy assistant at the downtown hos-
pital, worked with Bertram when he stayed there for several
months in 1997/98. She helped organize the service, which will
be held Nov. 19, at 2 p.m. in the hospital chapel on the main
floor.

"I have some pictures of Rick and we know a little about him,
and we are hoping that people who knew Rick will come, and
that if they want to be a part of the service, if they wanted to say
something, they're certainly welcome to do that," said Plante.

She said staff at the hospital felt it was the least they could do
because as far as anyone knows, no service was held to mark
Bertram's passing.

"It's sad to think there wouldn't have been nothing for him,"
she said.

"He was very special. He was a good friend. He touched a lot of
people."

Anyone who knew Bertram is welcome to attend the service.
Those who wish to be actively involved can reach Plante by pag-
ing her at 445-1322.

Courtesy of Rich Cairney- See Magazine



Losing Sight of the Shore

Larry Derkach leaves the Bissell Centre after 24 years

Heather Slade

"Sometimes when you're seeking new horizons you need to lose sight of the shore."

For Larry Derkach this saying describes the changes in his life. After 24 years of service at the Bissell Centre, 14 as the Executive Director, he is moving on. It is with sadness and excitement that he made this large personal decision.

"It started by accident," he recalls of his beginnings with Bissell. "In 1975 a friend of mine got a job as a youth recreation worker. I began to work with my friend in what used to be old war housing projects near St. Michaels school. Most of the clients were Aboriginal. The families came from area reserves and the place was full of kids."

Larry began doing youth work with them. He recalls it being a huge eye-opener. "Most of the families were struggling with life in poverty. Many of the teens had left home and were involved in prostitution, crime and drug addictions like glue sniffing. Larry, and other youth workers like him, were on the front line of street life. "I got absolutely hooked," Larry says with passion. He still stays in touch with some of the families that he first met there.

The son of an auto mechanic and a homemaker, Larry has almost always lived in the Norwood area. His childhood was one of simplicity and decent values. Early on, he recognized that he really needed to live in the community in which he worked. He wanted to be an integral part of the community. By the late 1970's, Larry and his wife Tamie were taking in foster kids. Their inner city house became an all-night teen drop-in. For families around them who were severely stressed, the Derkach house became a haven.

"I just talked to one of those young men last week, in fact, he's doing well. I've been fortunate to make so many lasting relationships".

In 1982, he decided to return to university to become a teacher. He already had earned a Bachelor of Science degree. After a very brief hiatus at university, he returned to Bissell. This time in public relations and volunteer coordination. He loved the volunteer drives and contact with the public. It was at this time that an opening for his current job came up. With a little encouragement from Tamie he applied for the position.

"I remember the day I got the job as Executive Director, it was the same day my daughter was born.

In fact, I got the call that Tamie was in labour during the staff meeting when my appointment was being announced.

"Bissell is all my kids have ever known, too."

When all was said and done, they had 4 children and were a dynamic team in advocating for kids and the Bissell. Although they are now separated it is with genuine affection that Larry speaks of Tamie. When asked who has been most influential in his life, he answered sincerely, "Tamie has."

This life he chose, in what some may see as the underbelly of society, can't be easy. Why did he do it?

"I was challenged early on, by a teen at a camp. When he heard of my plans to leave and get a different job, he was angry. He said, "How can you do that?"



Larry and friends in front of the Bissell Centre

There are always people coming and going in the inner city. Doesn't anyone care enough to stay?"

"I always believed that I could make a real meaningful difference in people's lives."

Before becoming involved in Bissell, he was involved in International Development Education.

Reminiscing about how he became aware of social injustice, he tells about Canada's centennial year, 1967. He was a proud Canadian, a true patriot. Then he made an awful discovery. Canada was involved in trade practices that kept poor countries poor. He calls this discovery "his wake up call."

"It was so unjust. I couldn't believe that we actually did that sort of thing. I was so enraged by it all and determined to do something about it."

Since then, he's been involved in issues of social justice.

"Unfairness is built in with politics and institutions. I had to do something."

He feels that he is also part of the problem. By being one of the privileged few to get such things as a

higher education, he feels a responsibility toward his less-advantaged brothers and sisters.

It is not a superiority complex that encompasses this man's mission to help others. He is grateful for the privilege of sharing in other peoples' lives.

"It is the people who have kept me here. They have had as much of an impact on my life as I have had on theirs. Relationships are what it is all about."

As he continued his work within the community, he was not immune to the "run around" from the system. He and his family lived in the Boyle Street area. Daily they were exposed to the inherent problems therein. He recognized that there were no easy answers. In fact, with time, he says, "I began to see things less simply. It would have been too easy to point a finger at the government, the status quo or an individual's poor choices. There, of course, is some truth in all of that. It is much more complex, though. It is a constellation of disadvantages that results in what we call poverty."

In the years prior to the establishment of several other agencies, such as the Youth Emergency Shelter, Larry gained tremendous skills in intervention and human relations. They were transferable talents.

"We were on the cutting edge of street teen work in those days. Even AADAC was calling us for information on the relatively unknown phenomenon of glue sniffing."

In many ways, Larry has continued to lead the way in areas of program development and advocacy for Bissell Centre and its clients.

"The work here is bigger than any one person. I am grateful for the part I was able to play. In my time here I've come to see what really matters. We need to love, care for, and respect each other. All the other stuff is nothing without this. This strengthens us as human beings."

As he leaves, he sees a bigger gap between the rich and the poor. But he believes that there are solutions, "we need less immediate fix orientation."

One of these solutions came in the way of an opportunity for a local street magazine, Our Voice. Larry has enthusiastically supported Our Voice since its beginning. Larry thinks its a good idea and would like to continue to see it grow.

As Larry pursues other interests and employment, he reflects on his transition.

"It's almost like dying. I have to reformulate a concept of who I am."

While it is important to him that continued support can be counted on for the Bissell, it is time for him to leave. When asked about his plans for the future, he replies,

"I don't know, but something will come up. I have faith. I will be still and know that God is God."

"I'm losing sight of the shore."

The Board and Staff of Bissell Centre invite you to join them to say farewell to Larry Derkach, who has been the Executive Director of Bissell Centre for the last 14 years.

Santa Maria Goretti Centre
11050 90 St
Nov 15, 1999
11:30 Reception 12:00 Lunch
Tickets \$20

ADDICTIONS

Donna LaPrete

"Just say 'no' to drugs, alcohol and sex was the message to young people not so long ago. Or, "Why don't you just quit?" How many of you have said that to friends and relatives about their addiction? It's just not that easy!

In 1996, I took a job managing a 3/4-way "after care" building for people coming out of treatment centres with drug and alcohol problems. My father was an abusive alcoholic, my mother addicted to prescription drugs, and my ex's all alcoholics. Was there a pattern? You bet! And after all those years of living with people abusing drugs and alcohol, I was going to change the world!

As the child of an alcoholic and drug addict, in recovery from a traumatic childhood, I came to understand that I was predisposed to addictions. I was also predisposed to unhealthy relationships, attracted by some unknown factor to men like my father. It took a long time to recognize the patterns. After all, it didn't

bother me not to drink or do drugs. But the commonalities began to surface. I had an inner pain I honestly believed I would one day die from. I was a workaholic, read voraciously, shopped 'til I dropped'. You get the picture. Anything to forget the pain I was in.

Addictions aren't always negative in the sense we perceive them to be. After all, our society encourages us to be workaholics. An addiction is anything we become obsessed with in order to kill the pain. So the addiction is not the problem - it's the band-aid solution. Until we work through the inner pain of our past, we will continue to find addictions to comfort us. It may also be eating, or even religion. Whatever it is, it's an escape that traps you into a negative life cycle. It inhibits your ability to be truly intimate with yourself, your partner, children, family, friends - even God.

I soon discovered I couldn't change the world. I had worked through my past and come to terms with it. The people I was responsible for at the 3/4-way house hadn't. Treatment centres are not long-term enough to get to the problem causing the addiction. It takes

years, not a month. But I also realized that each person is different. Some people never have the courage to deal with their past. It may just be too painful and escape is easier. Nobody will commit to healing until the pain they're in becomes more than the pain they'll have to go through. So I determined to plant the seeds of "remembering and feeling", and work with one person at a time to give them as much as they could handle. The success rate isn't great, but for each person that changes their life and deals with their past and their addictions, you've broken the cycle for all the generations to come from that person. Their children will have a head start because of their parent's courage and determination.

Next time you're tempted to look with disdain on that man or woman lying in the gutter, remember the pain he or she must be in to have to be unconscious to forget it. Remember they probably were predisposed from birth. And remember, too, that unconditional acceptance, love and encouragement has a power that transcends all barriers. ♦

Inf Planet

Who's really in charge?

Some interesting facts concerning global poverty, the environment, and corporate rule can be found on the Web at:

<http://www.corpwatch.org/trac/feature/planet/factsheets.html>.

Here are a few selections, drawn from Joshua Karliner's book, *The Corporate Planet*.

Ecology and Politics in the Age of Globalization:

- The combined revenues of just General Motors and Ford - the two largest automobile corporations in the world - exceed the combined Gross Domestic Product (GDP) for all of sub-Saharan Africa.

- a fifth of the developed world's population goes hungry every night.

- Chemical giants such as Shell, Monsanto, Mitsubishi and Sandoz now control many of the world's genetic seed stocks, as well as much of the agricultural biotechnology industry - which presents a new series of potential environmental problems.

- Fifty-one of the largest one-hundred economies in the world are corporations.

- While ever-more global in reach, these corporations' home bases are concentrated in the Northern industrialized countries, where ninety percent of all transnationals are based.

- a third of the world's population lives in a state of abject poverty - at such a margin of human existence that words simply fail to describe it.

- Global Warming: According to the UN, the influence of transnational corporations extends over roughly 50 percent of all emissions of greenhouse gases.

- Just twenty chemical companies account for the sales of over 90 percent of all the world's pesticides. These agricultural chemicals are responsible for tens of thousands of deaths, and at least a million more farm worker poisonings every year.

- a quarter of the world's population lacks access to even a basic necessity like safe drinking water.

San Francisco's war on the homeless

Mayor Brown and the San Francisco police department have launched a new offensive against that

city's homeless population.

It comes in the form of a citywide policy directive that instructs police to arrest any homeless person found with a shopping cart, on the grounds that the cart is stolen property.

Under the new policy, homeless persons with shopping carts may be charged with various offenses ranging from a misdemeanor (6 months in jail or \$1000 US fine) to felony. A felony offense in California can count as a "third strike," sending the accused to jail for twenty-five years to life.

Police will provide the holders of the shopping carts with two bags in which to store their possessions. If this isn't enough, their belongings will be taken and either stored at police facilities or thrown out.

UN sanctions in Iraq

Poverty in North America is a huge and often unacknowledged problem. But poverty elsewhere in the world can be even more widespread and destructive.

In Iraq, once a prosperous country with high literacy rates, good health care and a reasonably strong record on women's rights, United Nations sanctions have made extreme poverty the norm. For example, the average annual salary in Iraq has fallen from \$335 in 1988 to \$24 in 1999, while average prices for essential commodities have gone up over 850 times over the same period.

To make matters worse, cancer rates and birth deformities are rising at an incredible rate due to the Americans' use of depleted uranium weapons during the gulf war. It is estimated that within ten years, 44 % of the Iraqi population will have cancer.

Due to UN sanctions it is currently illegal to send cancer medications into the country.

UNICEF believes that between 5000 and 6000 children die each month because of the sanctions, which many see as a "humane" way to exert political pressure.

Tamara Schwartzentruber

Alarm the politicians

A wake up call to end child poverty

We are inviting people to join with others across Canada at noon on November 24 in a "Wake Up Call" to politicians by making some noise. Honking horns, blowing whistles, ringing bells, banging garbage cans, whatever.

It was on November 24, 1989, that the House of Commons gave unanimous approval to Ed Broadbent's motion to end child poverty in Canada by the year 2000.

As of November 24th we will be only five weeks from the year 2000 - and over the past years there has been a substantial INCREASE in child poverty. For more information please contact Jim Gurnett at Bissell Centre 423-2285 # 152 or Deanna Shorten at Poverty In Action 990-1840

Making noise is something anyone can do anywhere, anytime so let make ourselves heard.

Thursday November 24, 1999

12:00 Noon

Be at your noisiest anywhere you are, especially if you are near the Legislature

We need your help choosing the Our Voice person of the century

If you know of someone who has been socially active and compassionate and has helped make the world a better place for everyone, please give call, fax, or email us.

The Our Voice Person of the Century will be featured on the last Our Voice cover of the century.

Our Voice Needs

Free or cheap Hewlett Packard 4MV laser printer or other printers capable of printing tabloid size (11" X 14")

Forum bad news for children Pardon my skepticism

You know the morning after the night before phenomenon, right? That captures some of my experience of the recent Children's Forum held in Edmonton. Colleen Klein, its chair, declared as she opened the gathering "We're making history. Never before have we had this opportunity to talk about the issues facing children and youth." That's an impressive claim. Many of us attending, who work in the community, had little doubt that if we talked about the issues openly, a more significant public commitment must be made to provide the resources so children have a better chance for a good future.

But the day after-- why wasn't I surprised?-- the press release identifying key recommendations from the forum had nothing to say about government funding. And Colleen Klein was quoted in a newspaper as saying funding for children's programs doesn't necessarily have to come from the government, but can come from the community and business sector. Oh sure....

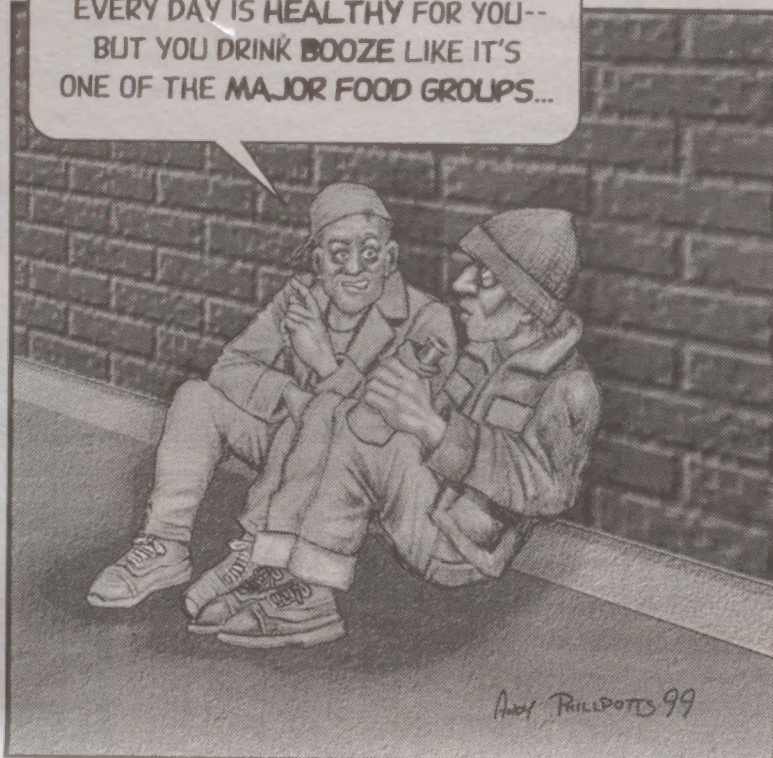
Well over a thousand people attended the first day and 300 took part the second day. There was no charge to attend and the food was abundant. Clearly the government wanted to have a very positive event which would demonstrate its deep commitment to children. In the advance materials sent to delegate we were told "... here in Alberta, our children come first." But I started to get suspicious of that even then, when I turned to the notes for the theme of Poverty and Physical Needs (one of several, others included Substance Abuse, Violence, Crime & Society, and Growing Up Aboriginal) and found that it began by bragging about Alberta's high levels of employment and earnings and going on to say that poverty can be exaggerated as a source of stress in families. One of the questions to get us thinking was "If more money is not the answer, what is?" This before we'd even had the chance to get together and offer our opinions-- one of which, held by many of us, is that more money IS a big part of the answer.

Arriving at the Shaw Conference Centre the first morning the first impression was that there were a heck of a lot of us old folks around for a children's forum-- I wondered if it had occurred to the planners that it might be a little difficult to get a good representation of children attending an event that required them to miss two days of school.

The next impression I had was how desperate the planners were to have everything be nice. We were repeatedly admonished to "leave our politics at the door", as if some calm academic discussion of the issues for children in Alberta would result in better answers than the strong emotions that go with having an opinion that has political implications. I mean, politics is just another word for citizenship, being concerned about the activities which constitute how we live together in a civil society. Besides, if a major public event where the bills were being paid

by the government and the chair was the wife of the premier wasn't already political I don't know what would be. I sensed that the call to leave politics at the door really meant "Leave your politics at the door if they don't fit with our politics." That just doesn't work when the issues are ones where there are life and death implications if the wrong decisions are made. It's more important to have a full and vigorous airing of perspectives and get to the best answers than to be

SO A LITTLE ALCOHOL
EVERY DAY IS HEALTHY FOR YOU--
BUT YOU DRINK BOOZE LIKE IT'S
ONE OF THE MAJOR FOOD GROUPS...



polite and tidy.

The first day, when the most people were present, was organized so there was hardly a minute to express any opinion. We were just sat down and told to listen. I'm not opposed to learning from others by listening,



Photo by Pieter de Vos

but all the definitions of "forum" in my dictionary mention "open discussion" and there was not much of that available the first day. The second day was better in this regard, but many of those with interesting ideas were gone by then. The small group to which I was assigned had 17 participants and only two were under 20 years old. To be fair, some of the presenters the first day had valuable information to share-- people like Deanna Shorten from Poverty in Action and

Editorial OPINION Our Voice the spare change magazine

Brian Bechtel from Edmonton Social Planning Council.

Another concern for me was the way concern for children was so neatly isolated from the big picture. I felt the forum wanted to talk about children as if the issues involving them could be dealt with on its own. In the Poverty and Physical Needs theme area where I spent my time there was scarcely a whisper to acknowledge that children are part of families and that as long as some families are in crisis because they lack adequate income then children will continue to have problems too.

When do we get on with getting on?

It seems to me a province with the public resources of ours doesn't need to keep having studies and conferences. We've blown billions of dollars over the years on foolish actions to be kind to corporate friends. We have no excuse for minimum wages that leave families living in poverty, the thousands of children trying to study at school while hungry and coming home to crummy houses, and for people depending on welfare (SFI) living on 20% LESS money than ten years ago.

What will impress me will be to hear Premier Ralph Klein saying, as his wife hands him a copy of the final recommendations of the Children's Forum, "I apologize on behalf of my government to the thousands of precious little people who are living in danger and despair, because we have lacked the political courage to say we need to make sure the weakest and most vulnerable amongst us receive our special attention and care. We are going to invest money without any delay so that these little people and their parents can know some dignity and opportunity. We will quit blaming the economically poor for their poverty and recognize that as long as there are any living in want in our communities we are all impoverished." Now that would be some way to end the millennium, wouldn't it?

By an interesting coincidence, just a few days before the forum I was browsing again in Maria Montessori's 60 year old classic "The Secret of Childhood". I noticed her saying "We must turn to the child as the lighthouse of our future life. Anyone wishing to succeed in some aim for the good of society must necessarily turn to the child... to learn the practical secret of our own life." She reminds in her book that people were startled by Jesus saying we need to learn from children and says we too often relate to children only by putting ourselves before them as the examples of perfection. It would be great if all of us who participated in the 1999 Children's Forum agreed that must stop and made the commitment to work from here on to do things differently. Montessori mentions that as the 20th century began people called for it to be the century of the child. We haven't done very well in that regard, but we can get serious about starting the next century with a new commitment to do better.

Jim Gurnett

Youth coalition chalks up sidewalk expression

Theresa McBryan

Sidewalk Expressions, a chalking Festival Sponsored by The Youth Coalition Against Poverty happened in late September. The intent was for people to draw, in chalk upon the sidewalks, their perceptions of youth poverty.

Spokespersons Meera Pandompam and Nathon Ip described the festival as an awareness event, a united effort on the part of many agencies to raise public awareness of the issues of child poverty, especially that of homeless youth. They found the idea for a chalking in Sheila Baxter's book "A Child is Not a Toy".

Nathon and Meera belong to the Youth Coalition Against Poverty. They are a group of high school student, who do not live in poverty, who are not hungry, ill or homeless and do not think others their age should have to struggle with these problems alone. Meera pointed out that in last year's Homeless Task Force count of 836 homeless individuals in Edmonton, 112 were children.

The day started slow, but the party livened up considerably when the Food Not Bombs kids started serving lunch in front of the Cenotaph. The Daughters of Isis in bangles and veils brought the usual group of

Winston Churchill Park loungers across the street to watch a performance of sensual eastern dances.

The Issues

A spokesperson from the Youth Emergency Shelter said, "that it was really hard to get enough good quality food, especially fruits and vegetables to feed adolescents in growth spurts."

They depend upon donations for all their needs. The shelter is full all winter. It started out offering shelter to kids in the Whyte Avenue area but now they are arriving from all parts of the city. Notably, 68% of youths applying for shelter have been sexually abused.

Members of Partners for Youth, a voluntary access program that serves families and young people in the Northwest area, were attending the event because they felt that agencies could work together more effectively, that there was power in numbers. With better communication, agencies could work toward preventative social services. There was also the feeling the government could be more helpful.

Edmonton City Center Church Corporation, pioneers in the School Lunch program, said that although their mandate does extend into areas of education, awareness and advocacy, more and more their energy is being forced toward providing the bare essentials for individuals, families and children in need. This was a common message. They are stressed to the max just trying to keep body and soul together

for their clients when they would like to do so much more.

While all this was going on individuals were signing up for a chance to express their viewpoint in chalk drawings on the sidewalks embracing City Hall Square.

Mojo and Missy

Mojo spoke of the terrible humiliation of having to beg, to face pity. She explained that street kids were often criticized for being dirty. Sometimes she said, it's a choice between eating and being clean. Without access to even the simplest resources it was impossible to look presentable enough to even apply for a job. The jobs that street kids are offered don't pay enough to accumulate funds to pay for damage deposits, utilities hook ups and rent all at once. She appealed to people to look beyond the facade of poverty and see a real person with hopes and dreams and potential. She doesn't want to shame the city, just make it a better place.

Missy spoke out against the illusion that all young people on the street are just doing this for a lark, and have perfectly good homes to go back to if they want. She said in her experience on the street most of the kids out there have no choice. The homes they left were abusive, some don't even know where their parents are now. Not all those panhandlers out there are fake. Money is not all they need. Give them a hug, a hi, acknowledgment that they are human beings." ♦

The young and the homeless

Melanie's story

Rodney Graham

WINNIPEG, MB,

Melanie has been living on the streets of Winnipeg and with friends for the past six months. She is 22 years old, and she is burdened with problems that a person of greater wealth would not even have to endure.

Her story is similar to thousands of other dissociate youth in North America. Although we are rated as the most affluent country in the world there is an alarming number of youth living on the streets.

According to the paper, "Taking Responsibility for Homelessness", written by a task force commissioned by Toronto City Hall, young families have great difficulty finding housing. Many private landlords consider young people too much of a risk too let them sign a lease - especially young mothers.

Melanie is originally from Granada Hills, California. She has only been here in Canada for a few months.

"I came to Canada to start a new life," she said, "my dad sold drugs and was abusive to my mother - I've been on and off the street since I was 14."

Melanie first ran away from home at the age of 14 and hasn't looked back since, except for a few years ago when she made the mistake of going back to live with her dad. "He was still involved in drugs and crooked things," she said. "I hitchhiked to Mexico, then to Arizona. I have a lot of street smarts," she said.

Melanie wants to start a new life here in Canada. After hitching and train hopping here from California, she started to realize she missed her three-year-old daughter. "I want to bring her here to live with me, she's the only child I have who's not in a foster home, (she has two others, both from different men), I wanted a better life for my daughter, "Kara". I don't like the attitude in the U.S.A. - the government,

the military, the whole political scene, that's why I want to start a new life here."

Melanie's list of problems begins with the fact that she is not a citizen of Canada, but the fact that she is young and poor exacerbates the situation. Landlords do not like renting to young people. They prefer older applicants who have deeper pockets. The Toronto Task Force on Homelessness recommended dedicated supportive housing for young homeless mothers. Fortunately for Melanie she hasn't sent for her daughter yet. She's finding it tough enough just to survive here herself.

"Each time I go to Immigration they tell me something different," she said, "They told me I had to apply for immigration status and pay \$250.00, and that I could only apply in the U.S.A. and only in Buffalo, N.Y. A lawyer giving me free advice told me that I didn't have to apply from the U.S. at all and that the fee was not that high. Then they (immigration) told me I had to prove I had a certain amount of money and that I had to have a job. They won't offer advice. You have to try to find out everything yourself. They make it difficult on purpose."

Melanie works part time at the "Powerhouse" a project funded by the city of Winnipeg aimed at helping homeless youth. She says she can't make enough there though, although it's a good idea - it's still in its beginning stages.

"I couch surf at friends places," she said, "young people who I've met on the street. We stick together. We have to. There aren't enough resources out there for people like us."

"If I was a rich businessman from California, they (immigration) would welcome me with open arms, but because I'm young and poor - even though I want



Melanie

to work - they want to get rid of me."

Besides having problems finding housing, young people like Melanie have a hard time finding employment. According to the Toronto Task Force on Homelessness: 'Homeless youth are quickly faced with adult responsibilities such as finding their own shelter, food, clothing, and health care. Recent legislative changes limit the eligibility of 16 and 17 year olds for social assistance, thereby forcing many youth to turn to illegal activities. They are often forced into situations where prostitution or exchanging sex for housing and other favors is commonplace. Because they lack skills and work experience, they cannot find regular work.

"I've run into activists who have given me hope, I'll try everything I can to stay," she said, "Canadians are friendly... I'll have little Kara here living with me soon..." ♦

Simple in means, rich in ends. Living more with less

Ron Murdoch

"The Ambassador Network states that action for Healthy Communities is setting up in an attempt to get more residents in the ten central neighbourhoods involved in actively addressing issues of community health," says Mary Gallivan, coordinator for Action for Healthy Communities. "Our partnership with the Sierra Club has provided an opportunity for us to learn more of the connection between the environment and our health."

There are several environmental issues of concern for Edmonton residents. They are the cost of blue bags, literacy and language barriers, effective composting, reusing materials, air pollution- especially around industrial sites, air quality, soil contaminants, used condoms and needles, litter, roaming dogs and cats, derelict houses and rusting vehicles.

However, setting up an environmentally friendly world is costly for some. For example purchasing the blue bags. While it seems more economical not to get

involved in the present, in the long term it saves money to be environmental and to avoid the short term obsession with profits.

There are ways of doing this, such as two side copying and reusing and recycling everything possible. Clothing can be given directly to someone in need or to various thrift stores or drop-in centres.

In the near future, the effects of smog on those with breathing disorders will be examined along with poverty on a person's overall health. Also the effects gardening has on one's mental health and their connection with the immediate environment.

Miles Kitagawa, from the Toxic Watch Society, spoke of material versus social arguments in today's world.

"The question to ask is how to have a more socially wealthy world where people have enough material goods to be comfortable and to pass any extras to those in need."

So how do more people get involved and build links among one another? The first step is to get issues on the table and allow people to voice their concerns. Then you can see what can be done to address these issues. Once solutions are proposed and acted upon,

both individuals and groups can go out to make to world a better place.

A way of promoting recycling is in schools so that children have a grasp of the matter by the time they are adults.

What are the benefits of recycling? Neighbourhoods are cleaned up and they look better as a result. Overall health is improved once the garbage is cleaned from the streets. People's self respect rises as they develop a sense of contribution.

Two major concerns of increasing environmental awareness are being implemented. The first is to establish community representatives from different cultural groups so language won't be a barrier. Pamphlets, made from recycled paper, with multi languages explaining the process will help raise awareness. Also to find ways of making the blue bags more accessible to the public and to find corporate sponsors who could help achieve this.

City councilor Michael Phair summarized the day with a simple and logical statement that "people from various areas of the city need to work together in their own communities to make the city a better place to live." ♦



Pam Barrett

Private healthcare giant sues NDs

Jason Harley

HRG, a private company running a for profit medical clinic in Calgary, has filed a defamation suit against Pam Barrett and the Alberta New Democrats. They are seeking one million dollars in damages based largely on comments made in a September 29th press release. At the time Pam alleged that, "if HRG can't even perform day surgery without getting sued for malpractice, why on earth would the College of Physicians and Surgeons even consider giving them approval to do more complex surgeries requiring overnight patient stays?"

HRG spokesman Tom Saunders claims that at no time has HRG ever been sued for malpractice. The incident to which Pam Barrett referred occurred in 1988. A patient of HRG received ankle surgery and he alleged his subsequent complications were the result of negligence. The patient did plan to file a claim against the surgeon and HRG in the amount of \$100 000. The patient, according to Tom Saunders, never

filed the lawsuit so technically, HRG was never sued for malpractice as Barrett alleged.

HRG feels their good name and reputation have been permanently tarnished. They insist Pam publicly apologize and retract her statements or they will follow through with legal action. Barrett and the Alberta New Democrats maintain they have done nothing wrong and that this lawsuit is little more than a politically motivated scare tactic. Barrett has consistently attacked the government for allowing the HRG clinic to exist and refusing to put an outright ban on private for profit healthcare organizations. She views HRG as a threat to Alberta's social safety net and vows to continue to be a thorn in the side of government over the issue.

The lawsuit, if intended to silence Barrett, appears to be having the exact opposite effect. She refuses to be bullied and is now more vocal than ever in her opposition to privatized health care. Her overall message to the government remains strong and clear: Alberta needs a well funded public healthcare system and she will do whatever is necessary to achieve this.

issue.

Children lacking nutrition

Jason Harley

In September of this year the Edmonton Social Planning Council along with the Edmonton Food Bank published a report "Sometimes Homeless, Often Hungry". The report took a detailed look at who was using the food bank and why.

Over half of the families turning to the food bank live on less than a \$1000/month. Their average income is \$1097/month. Approximately a third of these families were homeless some time during the past five years. Many are often without heat, power and phone. 20 percent have had their power cut off, 10 percent have had their gas shut off and 35 percent have had their phone disconnected. Three quarters of the families cannot afford to feed their children enough fruits and vegetables. 58 percent cannot afford enough meat, while 41 percent cannot afford enough dairy. The effect malnutrition has on one's health, especially that of a child, is quite serious.

According to the United Nations World Health Organization, babies who do not receive the right combination of vitamins, minerals and proteins will experience physical and intellectual growth retardation. They are at high risk for brain damage, infection

and death. The developmental retardation caused by continuing malnutrition worsens through infancy and the full effect is often not felt until childhood or adolescence. A malnourished child may not look or act any differently than a properly nourished child. The difference shows up in school. A malnourished child will have difficulty concentrating, learning and retaining new information. In an age of ever increasing technology and corresponding intellectual demands, the child may permanently lag behind his peers. The education gap increases as the child moves through school. In the end, the child will be ill equipped to improve the circumstances into which he was born.

Malnutrition is much more than a health issue. Malnourished children grow up to be developmentally retarded adults. This places a burden on everything from education to social services to justice. The food-bank is leading the fight against malnutrition in our city. They serve some 20 000 children the nutritious food they need every month. Continuous government cutbacks have put a serious strain on their resources, so any and all donations of nutritious, non-perishable items are most welcome and needed. It is time to remember that living in a society entails certain rights and responsibilities: malnutrition affects us all. ♦

OUR VOICE DISCUSSION GROUP

**WHEN: TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 23 & 24
4 P.M. - 9 P.M.**

WHERE: BISSELL CENTRE 10527-96 STREET

WHO IS WELCOME: All vendors, writers, readers, customers, advertisers, the supporting community, social justice and poverty activists, friends of the magazines, pretty much everybody.

Topics of discussion.

- *The present and the future of Our Voice
- *What we're doing well and what we can be doing better
- *Who we serve
- *How more people can be involved

Supper will be provided both nights.
This event is facilitated by Alberta Community Development.

Please call 428-4001 if you are planning to attend.

I want to quit. I want to get out of this city, but I can't," Jack grieves. His head is hung low concealing the red horror of his eyes and the rash around his nose and mouth.

Jack, like so many others, began abusing inhalants when he was young.

"My sister taught me how to do it when I was thirteen, and I haven't been able to quit since."

Jack is now thirty. He typifies what is known as a "chronic sniffer." Unfortunately from a very young age people are prone to label each other, especially if the label is negative. Once someone has been deemed a "sniffer", this label sticks. The person gets tossed around in a vicious pattern with all sorts of social stigma attached to it. Once this pattern is tightly in place, the only other people who will offer any form of acceptance are other sniffers. There's little choice but to hang out with a sniffing crowd.

"It's pretty easy and cheap to get too," explains Samuel, a friend of Jack's and also a "sniffer". "Under five bucks a can. They won't sell it to us in the inner city anymore, but some guys come around and take our girls outside of the drag to get it. Favour for a favour kind of deal. Cab drivers take us too," he adds. "It's the only answer for young kids sometimes. They can't afford booze or dope, but they need to get fucked up, you gotta sniff. It's the only way."

In today's society inhalant abuse is practiced almost solely by people who are socio-economically disadvantaged, though through history this was not always the case. The ingestion of hydrocarbon products has been traced back centuries. It is one of the oldest methods of achieving an altered state of consciousness.

The ancient Greeks used carbon dioxide vapours for religious purposes. Ether chloroform and nitrous oxide were introduced into the medical profession in the eighteenth century. Both were used recreationally by medical and dental students. Ether was also used heavily during prohibition in the United States.

Chronic sniffing has resulted from a variety of causes over the years. Today it is only people with disadvantaged backgrounds who sniff in the hope of avoiding realities that are too painful to face straight. Users indulge in sniffing to mask feelings of hopelessness and depression. There are no other disorders or personality types that are noted which would cause one to go the way of inhalant abuse.

"It's all native people around here who sniff," says Jack. Jack has lived in Edmonton for the past eight years, and moved here from a reservation in Northern Manitoba.

"Young Natives are in a tough spot these days. There's so much urban white influence, it's over-

whelming. This influence begins at a very young age," he pauses and stares glossy-eyed about the room for a moment before he continues. "We should listen to our elders, but it's hard to feel any connection to what they're trying to tell us. That way of life doesn't exist anymore. Our heads are full of now."



Sniffing

Cheaper than booze or drugs

Michael Walters

Jack goes on to mention the irony of how, even though the gap between generations has affected his people in a negative way, it's the elder people who are always accepting and supportive. Younger people turn away from them, and remain faithful to the modern urban life, a life that has difficulty accepting natives.

Cross cultural studies show inhalant abuse is a problem among the indigenous people of countries other than Canada, including New Zealand, Australia, and the United States. Cultural and economic deprivation, social inequality and racism all increase the likelihood of solvent abuse.

There are two common methods used for sniffing. One is to pour the solvent on to a rag and inhale it through the wet rag. The other is to pour it into a bag, and hold the bag over your face while breathing deeply. Some go as far as putting their whole head

into the bag. That has resulted in suffocation.

Legally there are few hassles that an inhalant abuser will ever have to deal with. In Alberta, someone can be charged under the Provincial Public Health Act. If so, the abuser will be handed a small fine, though this is not a deterrent. It is rare that the act is enforced.

"If the cops are having a bad day or they're bored, they'll come around and see what were doin'. If we been sniffin' they can smell us a mile away. So they give us a fine," Samuel laughs. "Most of the time they just drive by. They don't care. I don't know how they think we're gonna pay a fine."

Sniffing is quite a dangerous endeavor. It can cause tremendous hallucinations and illusions which can lead to irrational acts like trying to stop a train. The illusions can also lead to aggressive violence and panic attacks.

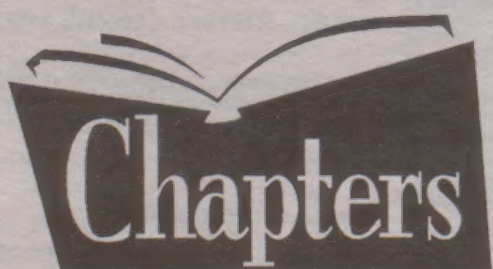
"I always lose complete control and coordination," explains Jack. "I start to salivate, and my body shakes and trembles. But I have to keep on doin' it."

Other notable medical problems include Sudden Sniffing Death. This can happen when the heart is over-sensitized to adrenalin. Sniffing can also cause: lung dysfunction, hepatitis and liver dysfunction, lead poisoning, kidney dysfunction, blood abnormalities, muscular weakness and nerve and brain damage. Chronic inhaling can be a fatal problem.

Physical dependence and addiction have never been clinically established. Some users have reported anxiety and tremors when the user has quit abruptly. People become addicted to the state of intoxication rather than the specific chemicals. There's a strong psychological dependence.

Sniffing, like other forms of drug abuse, is a sign of a larger social problem, hard to understand, except through the perspective of someone like Jack. He is someone who feels hopeless and sees no need to suffer through a sober existence.

"I don't really see any reason to quit," Jack says. "I need the illusion. I've gone too far down now...I suppose I wish I had never seen a can of lacquer thinner in my life, but I have and now it pretty much is my life," Jack mumbles, looking down to his lap. "What I actually wish is that all the young people around could see me and listen when I say, don't do it. Don't even try it." ♦



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Rising Sun - abuse program uses different approach

Reaching out for help to deal with a substance abuse problem is the first step that people usually take when they have run out of their own solutions to change their lives.

It is a terrifying step for most people to admit they have a problem and need help. It takes courage to reach out, but courage is abundant for the graduates of the Rising Sun substance abuse day program.

"I can't believe I'm still here after everything. I used to drink everyday for five years. I couldn't trust people. My own family gave up on me," said Tara Gladue, a 25 year mother of three.

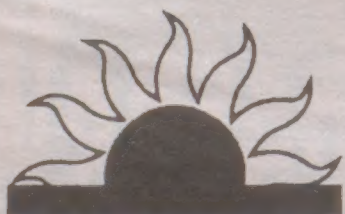
In the program, participants go to group meetings on a daily basis for the first three months where they learn about developing a resource base to keep themselves drug and alcohol free.

"The Rising Sun is a safe, sober environment in the midst of a detrimental environment," said Jim Nakano, director of the Rising Sun program.

The club is situated in the inner city on 95th street and 117th avenue.

"We do not put labels on people," says Nakano. The program is not abstinence based. If someone slips in to old patterns we help them through that.

"We concentrate on reducing harm for individuals in the program and use spirituality as a base. The guiding principle of the program is to build a therapeutic community for families because there are different approaches that can be used to help different people."



RISING SUN

Substance Abuse Programs

Jim Nakano, Director

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Low income people's views on health-related services

Deanna Williamson

Deana Shorten (Poverty-In-Action), Sharon Thurston (Boyle McCauley Health Centre), and researchers from the University of Alberta and University of Toronto are conducting a study about low-income people's views on health-related services and supports. The study is focusing on the services and supports that people with low incomes use to stay healthy and use when they are sick. Also, the study is looking at the factors and conditions that influence low-income people's decisions to use health-related services and supports. The study is being done in Edmonton and Toronto. It is funded by the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research, Boyle McCauley Health Centre, Canadian Health Services Research Foundation, HPPB Ontario, and the United Way.

The study is unique because it is community driven. Deana Shorten and Sharon Thurston brought the idea for the study to the university researchers. The group developed a study that uses sound research methods and that is relevant to people with low incomes. In addition, Community Advisory Committees (CACs) have been established in Edmonton and Toronto. The CACs are made up of low-income people, service providers, people from policy advocacy agencies, and government officials. The CACs meet with the research teams to give feedback and advice about aspects of the study (for example: interview guide, interviewer training, getting people to interview, and ways to influence policies and

programs). The Edmonton CAC has met four times since February.

Another unique aspect of the study is that the interviews are being done by people with low incomes. Thirteen Edmontonians with low incomes recently finished interviewer training sessions. These people are just beginning to interview 100 other people with low incomes. 100 low-income people are also being interviewed in Toronto. Respondents are being asked about services and supports that they and their family use to stay healthy and use when they are sick. Also, respondents have a chance to talk about how services, programs, and policies can be improved.

The research team suspects the study will have three main outcomes. First, the study will fill a gap in what is known about health-related services and supports used by people with low incomes. Second, it is hoped that the findings will be used to improve health-related services and programs for people with low incomes. Lastly, a group of people with low incomes has been trained as interviewers. The knowledge and skills gained by the interviewers will allow them to do interviews in other community-based studies.

The research team is looking for people with low incomes who want to be interviewed. If you are interested in taking part call Karen Carlyle, Project Coordinator, Centre for Health Promotion Studies, University of Alberta, 492-8336.

Notice of correction

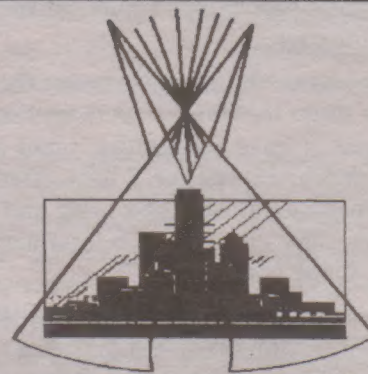
Last month we referred to a report on the health of Canadians called *Toward a healthy future*. The web site we provided to view the report was wrong. The correct address is: <http://www.hc-sc.gc.ca/hppb/phdd/report/toward/eng/index.html>



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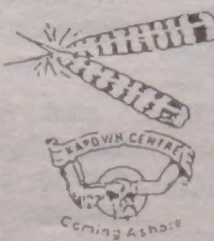
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Wayne Gretzky. What do we think?

Our Voice Staff

This past October 1st was Wayne Gretzky day here in Edmonton and it was decided from now on, October 1st will forever be Wayne Gretzky Day in our city.

We all know he was a hockey player, most would say the greatest hockey player who ever lived and because of this he became extremely wealthy

Many people have said that in Canada hockey is the great unifier. It is one of the only things that breaks down differences between people regardless of economics, gender or race and when the skates are on and the puck is dropped we are all hockey fans and that is what defines us at that moment.

Mind you there are voices which beg to differ. Many say that hockey is a game for the rich. It costs a lot of money to play competitively. The equipment and league fees are in the thousands of dollars and to actually attend a game, at forty dollars a seat, is virtually impossible

But with Wayne there is a sense of unification that appears present. For most kids who grew up during his career, whether or not they had enough to eat, he was someone they looked up to and aspired to be like.

So is Wayne the great unifier according to people who may not have enough to eat, do they really care about someone who made millions of dollars playing a game and makes millions more doing really bad TV commercials? With all the attention and affection

shown by our citizens to Wayne in the last month **Our Voice** took this question to the people who come through our doors and to the people who live on the streets around us. How do they feel about Wayne Gretzky?



"He was always the greatest player in the world and my favourite player. I guess I don't really care how rich he is. He was more than that to me and to lots of people."

Mark 31 -lives in the single men's hostel

"Wayne Gretzky is really the only player who deserves to make as much money as he did. He always scored and he always won and he was always

nice. I remember chasing him for an autograph once. I was about 200 yards away from him and he actually heard me calling and stood and waited until I caught up to him. Then he signed my sweater. He was a good guy. I think he knew about the importance of kids and how much hockey meant to us."

Brian 26- lives in the single men's hostel

"I could[n't] give a fuck about Wayne Gretzky!"

Allan-lives in an abandoned house in the inner city. Originally from Calgary.

"In 1979 I went to a game in Vancouver and I remember he scored the winning goal on a break-away. Hockey abilities aside I was most impressed with his warmth and humility."

Ron- Our Voice vendor

"Yeah I think he was pretty cool. He deserved to be treated like he was treated and probably deserved a lot of money. Players today are different. They don't deserve as much money as they get. Look at the Bill Guerin guy who wants three million or something like that. He's never done anything to deserve it. At least Gretzky cared about his team and the game, not just about how much money he made."

Dianne 42- Live with her sister in the inner city.

"I remember running into Wayne at the old Safeway on 117 Street, which is now Halls. It took him about fifteen minutes to buy his groceries and another twenty to sign autographs. He signed for everyone who requested one. Wayne is the greatest and is a true role model for anyone in the game."

Steve- Our Voice vendor

"I think it's ridiculous that anyone, even Gretzky, would get paid more than a hundred thousand dollars a year, while people are sleeping out here on the streets. That skinny weasel gets rich for being good at hockey and people freeze to death because we're considered worthless. That says a lot about what our society values."

"Slanty"-lives on the streets.

"He made being a kid easier for me and lots of kids in our neighbourhood. We didn't have much and our families had problems. It was fun to play and watch hockey and me and my friends all loved him and all pretended that we were him when we played street hockey. It's one of my better childhood memories actually. I'll always be a fan."

Brian-bar bouncer who grew up poor in the inner city.

On the streets of the big apple

Dale Ladouceur



New York Mark

While I was gigging in New York I saw a lot of homeless people. They were sleeping in cardboard boxes, or on newspapers - doing nothing but sleeping or staring. These people had given up on the idea of living and had their cardboard coffins on display for the masses.

One night, as my friends and I were walking home from the gig, I saw a young man standing on the sidewalk holding a coffee cup of coins in one hand and what appeared to be a page from a school workbook in the other. I read the page;

"Temporarily homeless and living between the NYC shelters and the street looking for work so I can be self-sufficient again. I have accounting, mail room, messenger and clerical experience. I have retail and security guard experience as well, plus I sing and write on the spot poetry. Any change or job information is very appreciated, thank you"

His name was Mark and he didn't want to tell me his last name - out of embarrassment for being where he was. He told me his story. Mark hates where he is - scared and alone in a huge and dangerous city.

Mark: I got evicted a month ago. I was living in Brooklyn in a brownstone that's owned by my family. My mother was my landlord, she owns the building and that's bad because we were having a conflict. When she found out [that I was a bisexual] she was like "Oh no, get out of my house," this and that. I was like - ok, it's my mom, ya know, I'm living in her house paying rent so she says get out, so I left.

I was living in the streets for a while, between that,

shelters and crashing at few friends of mine, trying to get to work every day. (Eventually) I got fired from my job so now I'm just out here trying to make some money."

OV: What shelters can you go to?

Mark: I was hangin' at the one over there in Bellevue which is really really filthy, and another one over there - 90th and Lafayette, it's a Christian one - it's not so filthy. The first time I went to 90th and Lafayette I was really scared and I was like really disgusted because of it being so filthy. It was ok for a night but after about a week someone stole my stuff so I left.

Then I was sleeping on the trains for a while but then I thought, maybe I could try Bellevue. So I got to Bellevue and Bellevue was even worse because it's just a city shelter - anybody can just go there and it's dirty and it's filthy and it smelled so bad. So I was like - if I have to stay here, I will - but only if I have to.

OV: What's your situation now?

Mark: I move between Bellevue and sleeping on the trains and sleeping outside.

OV: Can you really sleep on the trains? Don't you have to keep one eye open?

Mark: I see people living on the trains, usually sleep on the E train because the E train is pretty safe. No one really bothers me. I figure there, I sleep on the train at least I know I'm safe, I got scissors. In the winter I can go to Bellevue to shower if I can't go to a friend's house. I was able to crash at my friend's place for a while but he got married. His wife's cool but they just got married ya know and I feel uncomfortable being there. I'd rather sleep on the train and feel better than disrupting their life.

OV: How long are you gonna hang here tonight?

Mark: Probably until about 4:00 (am) and then I figure I'll get on the train, I'll sleep a couple hours, I'll wake up, go to Bellevue, I'll shower, and I'll go job hunting.

OV: Have you tried to contact your mom at all?

Mark: My mother wants nothing to do with me at all. My mother is a Jehovah's Witness and that's why. I made her mad by something that I got no control over. First of all I'm her son, second of all, I was living in my own apartment paying my rent on time and she had to kick me out.

AN ON-THE-SPOT-POEM by Mark

The clock ticks, the hands move

time passes quickly for everyone except me

I am caught like a fly in a spider's web

I struggle to escape, able to move only so far and so fast

afraid of dying here, on the streets

you are the only friend in a world full of enemies

On the streets you must be strong to survive

on the streets, a soft bed, a cooked meal

water to drink and bathe - yeah

a luxury, a memory, a fantasy that plays in my mind

like a tape stuck on rewind

The clock ticks, the hands move

I wish that I could

OV: Tell me one thing that you're hoping for?

Mark: Hopefully I'll find a job, that way I'll be able to make money without begging for it because I'm a very proud man. I hate doing what I'm doing right now. Because, what happened to me, I told myself a long time ago that I would never be on the streets begging, but eventually you do whatever you gotta do in order to live, so here I am. Hopefully I'll find a job soon to afford an apartment or a room or whatever and I won't be out here any more. ♦

She was given Satan

Rebecca Lippiatt Long

Allison was taken from her natural mother's care when she was 14 months old; she had been physically abused and was malnourished. She spent the next four years in foster care and was adopted when she was five. Her parents were strict and her adopted father was physically abusive.

Allison remembers him being kinder to the animals than to his own children. She thinks this is why she abused animals when she was younger. She started running away from home when she was 12 and says she was "hotheaded and rebellious." She was placed in foster care in her teens and continued to run away. After she graduated from high school, her foster parents sent her to the YWCA to see if she could live on her own. She met a man named Wesley at a dance; he asked her about her beliefs and asked if she liked magic. He then introduced her to a man named Gino, as someone who wanted to learn about the "Brotherhood of Satan." Allison thought this was "intriguing" and saw being a Satanist as a means to power as many people are afraid of Satanism. This included power over her mother and father. She shared with the Brotherhood that she did animal sacrifices when she was young. Sacrifice was part of the Brotherhood's philosophy and she felt that they understood her anger and didn't condemn her.

Gino was the head of the group and he wanted to be addressed as "Master." He was like a father figure to Allison, and beat her like her father did. However, sometimes he was nice. He took whatever money she earned, but he also fed her. Allison admits he was very controlling and that his actions often contradicted both the teachings of the "Church of Satan" and his own teachings. Other girls and women involved in

the Brotherhood were forced to act as prostitutes but Allison described her own position of that of a slave or a pet.

As a general rule Allison was not forced into ritualized sex, except when she was ordained. The ordination occurred six months after she joined the group and was a training process to become a full-fledged member of the group. She was made to perform oral sex and had a choice between having sex with another member of the group or eating cat food; she chose the latter. For her 21st birthday her "present" was to have sex with the second in command. She didn't want to but was told that it would hasten her meeting with Anton LaVey, the so called "Black Pope" with whom she was "obsessed with" at the time.

Her training with the group occurred over a period of seven years. After six years Allison became a priestess and started her own group while remaining in the Brotherhood.

While in the group, she was subjected to beatings and rape and her role as a "pet" included wearing a collar. She says she wasn't aware enough to fight back. At the time she was very angry and the group used her anger and directed it for their own ends.

She recalls one time, a girl who refused to have sex with the male members being taken out to a country road, stripped, tied to the bumper of a truck and then dragged down the road. The Brotherhood couldn't control her with sex so resorted to other means to keep her from spilling the secrets of the inner circle.

Children were also harmed by the group. Allison said "kids have died" but amended that by explaining how Gino gave a girl an abortion. He gave the girl a choice between sacrificing the unborn child and the future living child. Not surprisingly she ended up in the hospital, hemorrhaging. One of the member's five year old's was taught the "first rule" of never crying out. He was hung with a belt around his hands from

the roof for the crime of crying. Other children were locked in the basement and not fed.

To celebrate one of the high priestesses giving birth to "a new priest of the next generation," a black goat was sacrificed in the basement.

Ironically, what saved Allison from the Brotherhood were the teachings of Anton LaVey. Gino gave Allison LaVey's books. LaVey taught that no one should use another person for his own means. He counseled against using violence and anger, rather walking away was a better option. Allison claims this teaching got her into anger management classes. He also said that people have to connect with the self and plant their own roots to provide a place for the birthing of belief. These words showed Allison that what Gino and the other members of the inner circle were doing was wrong.

Several events occurred that helped Allison break away from the Brotherhood. One member was murdered not long after Gino made the comment: "if he doesn't smarten up, he'll wake up in his own grave." Police also broke up a prostitute ring run by the group. The turning point came in 1997 when Anton LaVey died. Allison said she felt something inside of her saying "this is not for you." She began to drift away from the group.

Allison's beliefs are now a mix of light and dark. She believes in God and Satan and thinks that one cannot exist without the other. She feels strongly about choosing her own beliefs, calling some people's methods of conversion "spiritual rape." She also feels it is important to not overwhelm herself with spirituality, light or dark. She calls her experience a blessing in disguise and she is glad she went through it, saying it made her a stronger person. ♦



Linda Dumont

It was closing time at the Inner City Mission when a young man asked hesitantly, "Do you know any place where I can stay?"

As one of Edmonton's homeless, he had fallen through the shelter system. He said he had already spent the maximum three weeks allowed at the Herb Jamieson Centre, he wasn't drunk or high so couldn't get into the George Spady Centre, and at 32 years of age he was too young for the Urban Manor, a residence for men over 40.

One of the workers even phoned Urban Manor to see if they would make an exception, but was told the man couldn't shelter there for the night because he was too young.

The next suggestion, made half seriously, was that he be given a shot of Listerine, so he would be eligible for the Spady Centre. The young man refused. He didn't want to get drunk to find shelter for the night.

A helpful street person suggested the river bank.

"I'm scared of wild animals," the man curled his fingers into claws and shivered.

He was told there were no dangerous animals in the river valley. Finally, reluctantly, he walked off towards the river bank, trailing behind a homeless couple who had been sheltering there for several weeks.

The couple had been on social assistance, but were evicted from their suite after only a few months. Too many of their homeless friends kept moving in on them. Without an address, they were unable to collect social assistance. They eat at soup lines and earn money by bottle picking or panhandling. They lie outside, in derelict houses, wherever they can find shelter. They don't use the shelters because they would be separated. There are no co-ed accommodations.

For others, homelessness is a temporary state while waiting to get on social assistance. Finding an address is often a huge obstacle, and without an address to prove Alberta residency, they don't qualify for assistance. Finding a place to rent with no money, even for bus fares, can take months. Theresa, who graduated from Grant MacEwan College in April, is still searching for an address. In the meantime, she lives with a friend and has her possessions in storage.

Inner city hotels provide an address. A room at the Royal costs \$260 a month, and enables a homeless person to collect social assistance. It's not exactly a home, but it is shelter.

Derelict houses in the inner city are fully occupied, dumpsters, garbage rooms, back yards, unlocked garages, underground parkades, and crawl spaces under steps or porches all provide shelter.

Wayne, who is homeless because he can't handle the red tape of social assistance, had a clean dry place to sleep in a newspaper recycling bin. The papers pro-

vided insulation against the cold.

"I had to find another place to sleep," he said. "People found out about it and moved in on me."

His next overnight shelter was in a clump of trees near the railroad tracks where he slept outside covered with an assortment of blankets.

When Joe Gates was evicted from his apartment while he was hospitalized for ten days, he lived in the Royal Alexandra Hospital for 15 nights until he found another address.

"They always leave the door to the smoking room open," Joe said. "I just walked in, picked up a blanket in the hallway and went to the patient's lounge."

For Joe it was an ideal spot. He slept across two chairs, and when he was hungry he could go across the hallway and fix himself toast with peanut butter, and a cup of coffee at the kitchenette. He still wore his hospital identification bracelet so security assumed he was a patient.

Just how many homeless people there are is difficult to calculate. In addition to the homeless people sheltering outside and in the shelters, there are the hidden homeless, people who shelter with friends or relatives, and those who survive in overcrowded or otherwise unsubstantial housing.

For the homeless, the solutions are not as simple as providing more low cost housing. Many have serious sociological problems, and are dealing with addictions, mental illnesses and brain damage.

With the coming of winter, the need for warm shelter becomes crucial. People may turn to crime, turn themselves in on outstanding warrants, or check into detox as an alternative to housing. ♦

poems



Native Spirit

If you can hear the Creator in the wind
If you can feel his love through the beasts
If you can see his majesty in the mountains and the plains
If you can be awed by his power
in the thunder and lightening of a storm
or in the miracle of a new born child
If you can feel his sorrow and his joy
when a fellow being returns to him
If you can let his love flow through you to others
If you can let someone share their pain
If you can let someone show you their burdens
without shame
If you can teach and still be a student
If you can give and expect nothing in return
If you can listen to the voice within
and the spirits without
If you can love the beauty in you
no matter the colour of your skin
You are a Native spirit.

Linda Nadon

Linda won the "Native Spirit" category sponsored by *Our Voice*.

Moment in Time

confined picture window,
nowhere to go
yet beyond the perimeter of the wire
one could almost reach

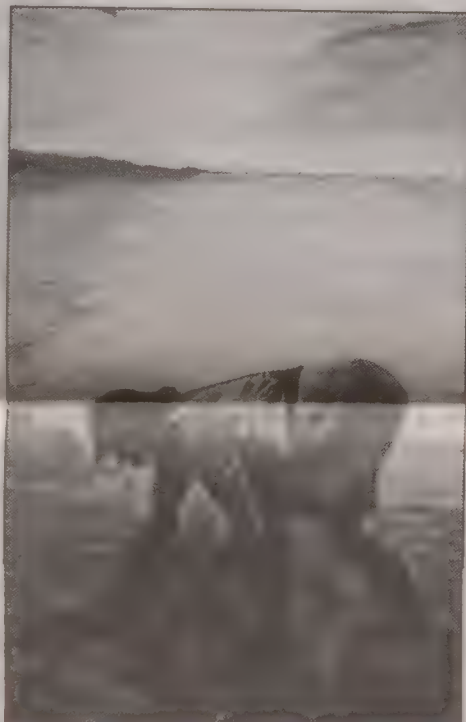
endless freedom
towering coniferous trees
tall as they stand
sway to the breezes of hope

magnificent mountains, silent in the wind
enormous as they stand
seem to know of
a healing path
on the road to freedom

as nightfall descends within
the picture window
one must envision
the road to freedom.

Art Piche

Art won two categories. This poem won in the category of "Dreams" sponsored by the Edmonton City Centre Church Corporation



Songs of the Street, an inner city poetry night, held its fourth night of poetry, read from the hard streets of Edmonton in late October. The event which began giving a venue of expression to inner city poets back in January of 1996 has grown into a community of people who are working together to bring forth the words of people, who in many cases are stuck with silence. It is an artist project that focuses on nurturing latent artistic talent in the inner city and anywhere in Edmonton where people struggle with poverty. Each year, as a result of the Poetry Night, the poems are collected and compiled into a book that is sold on the streets by *Our Voice* vendors. Look for Songs of the Street volume 4 coming out sometime in the year 2000. Here are three of the poems that were selected as winners this year. Also decorating this page is some of the art that was displayed at the poetry night. It is the work of artists in the community who took part making this year's Songs of the Street a big success.

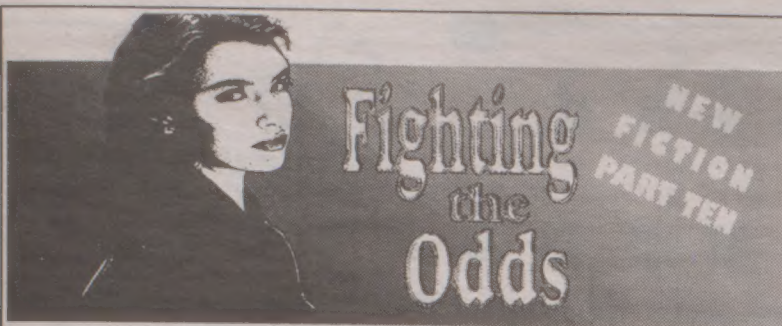
Somewhere Between

Somewhere between Sesame Street and Skid Row
there lives a million dreams
(and mine was only one)
in children's laughter I hear the echo
of a little girl I used to see
(in my shattered mirror)
I'd sit in the window sill
crunched up and trying to feel safe
cacooning nightmares
trying only to dream in the neon colours of night
The neighbourhood didn't offer much in the way of hope
but it offered plenty of dope
(and somehow that name cautioned me)
I never knew what to expect on my way to school
drunks trying to feel me up.
(at six I became convinced the boogie man was real)
and there was the nine year old who stole glue
not as I would have expected, to use for collages in class
(although, I suppose he thought it was holding him together)
refuge took many forms and fed me more than food
store owners, doctors, teachers, people who listened
I was given time to talk, to listen, to learn, to question
my dreams began to grow and mature
and somewhere in between what I was and what I am
is a girl who felt valuable because others cared
enough to share their time

Heather Slade

Heather won four categories and the poem above was the winner in the "Youth in the Neighbourhood" category sponsored by Norwood Family and Resource Centre





Allison Kydd

(Hope's dreams seem to be coming true when Donald first takes her out for coffee and then invites her to a singles dance. Finally, during the last slow waltz of the evening, he asks her to come home with him.)

When they got back into the car this time, they didn't kiss as they had before, and Hope was disappointed. Donald did smile at her as he turned the key in the ignition.

"You're sure about this?" he asked. She nodded.

They didn't talk much during the drive to his place. Donald stopped the car in the front of a three-story apartment building in a row of three-story apartment buildings.

"Not anything fancy, I'm afraid," he said.

"That's all right," she answered.

When they went inside, however, she thought his apartment was very nice, though a little more modern than she was used to—all the furniture seemed to be black and white or made of glass—and it was cold too. Or maybe that was just because she felt chilled after all that dancing. She shivered.

"Would you like to have a shower?" he asked. "Help yourself to anything you need."

What she wanted was his arms around her, his kisses on her mouth as before, their bodies naked together. But she said "okay" thinking that was probably what people did at times like this.

Hope undressed in the bathroom. Her dress got twisted around her oddly as she tried to open the zipper, which seemed to be stuck. She yanked at it, embarrassed to think she might have to ask Donald to help her, until it gave way with a tearing sound that she hoped was only stitches and not the fabric itself.

It wasn't a surprise the dress didn't fit very well. When she was a girl, her aunt, who'd raised her after her mother died, always said that rhyme about "red hot needle and a burning thread" whenever she'd tried to finish anything in a hurry. The only thing she'd ever been able to do which pleased her aunt was marry Kenny, because that got her out of the house. Donald had seemed to like the dress, however; and that was all that mattered.

When Hope had checked her dress and was relieved to see that it was only a seam that had torn a little, she folded it tenderly and draped it over the towel bar. Then she stepped nervously into the shower. Showers always scared her a little; there were a lot of things that scared her a little: escalators, gas stoves, going swimming, meeting new people. Her hair got wet as she soaped down her body, paying special attention to her breasts and her underarms and between her legs.

Donald knocked at the bathroom door just as she was stepping out of the tub.

"May I come in?" he said, "I've made us a drink."

"Of course," she said, shivering and grabbing a towel to wrap around herself. She saw that he'd changed into a robe and felt a tingle of excitement return at the glimpse of his bare chest against the dark velvet. He glanced down at her, smiling again, and handed her the drink, which was strong and hot and delicious.

"You must be cold," he said, touching her hair and cheek. "Come with me."

Soon they were draped over his bed, cold and

clothing forgotten.

Donald was the first one up in the morning. Hope heard him in the kitchen as she opened her eyes. She didn't want to wake up yet and pulled the bed covers over her head and pressed her face into his pillow so she could breathe in the smell of him.

When she emerged from the covers he was walking towards her, his robe loose and flapping against his long legs. In his hands he carried their breakfast on a tray.

"Don't get up," he said. "Hold this, so I can join you."

They ate their breakfast side by side, smiling at each other; she gave up trying to keep her breasts covered by the blankets.

"That's nice," he said, looking at them. She blushed and tried to cover up again, but he wouldn't let her.

It was noon by the time Donald drove Hope back to her house. They kissed at every stop light in between their two homes, and Hope thought she had never been so happy.

Then she saw the blue car parked in front of her house. What was Kenny doing bringing the children back so early? He usually didn't appear until the middle of the afternoon and sometimes brought the children back well after their bedtimes so they were hard to get up the next morning and grumpy on their way to school.

Hope felt a flutter of nervousness. Why did this have to happen now?

"What's wrong?" asked Donald.

"It's my husband . . . the children's father. They're home early," she stammered.

"Did you know they'd be home already?"

"No . . ."

"Then it's not your fault. Don't worry. Besides, he's there, so they're not alone."

"But . . . but Kenny's not a reasonable man. He'll want to know where I was."

"Probably better for everyone if I make myself scarce, then. Don't want to make it any worse."

"I suppose so," Hope said, though inside she was scared and wanted him with her.

"I'll call you," Donald said. He gave her a quick kiss and leaned across to open her door.

She got out and closed the car door behind her. Bent down to look at him.

"It'll be all right. Talk to you tonight, you beautiful thing."

Hope watched him drive away and then she turned back towards her house just as Kenny came out on the front step.

"Where the hell were you?" he demanded.

"Hello, Kenny," she said, stalling. She moved steadily up the stairs. He reached out and grabbed her arm.

For a moment Hope panicked. Then she looked him in the eye and forced herself to speak calmly.

"Let go of my arm, Kenny," she said.

"What?"

She kept her voice calm. Not angry, just calm and strong. "Let go of my arm."

Kenny let go. In the minute before he could say anything, Shelagh ran out to hug her mother.

"Comon in, we're having lunch," she said. "Da made it, and we all helped. Da, where are you going? You said you'd have lunch with us. You said you might stay here to-night."

Kenny began to walk away and Shelagh ran after

him. As he leaned over to give her a hug, he looked at Hope and said, "You whore. Don't think you're going to get away with this." Then he too got in his car and drove away.

Hope very much wanted to go upstairs and cry, but all she could do was sit down on the step until her legs stopped shaking.

When Donald didn't call that night she supposed it was because he'd gotten busy. She knew that people who were in business for themselves didn't have much time they could call their own. Still, she was disappointed. In her mind she went over and over the time they'd been together. She could hardly think of anything else. She wondered if it was the same for him. She hoped it was. But then wondered how he could do his work in that case.

In the middle of the night she woke up longing for him. She worried about all the reasons he might not have called. Perhaps he didn't like her that much after all, while she was sure she'd fallen in love with him. Must be, since he was on her mind all the time. When she finally cried herself back to sleep it was almost morning.

Hope woke to the smell of something burning on the stove and the sound of the smoke alarm. She floundered out of bed and ran downstairs without her robe to find that someone had been frying eggs for breakfast. Without a word she turned the burner off and moved the pan.

"Open the windows," she said, "and the doors. It's okay. We just have to get rid of some of the smoke."

Margie ran along beside her.

"I was just trying to help," she said. "It didn't seem as if you were ever going to get up, and now we're all late for school." She started to cry.

Late for school! Shit, thought Hope, that meant she'd be late for work too. Oh, what the hell. What did it matter anyway. She knelt down and put her arms around Margie.

"Darling, that was so sweet. I don't know what I'd do without you. But now, I guess we have to go and clean up."

Gareth, whom Hope had sent to try to stop the noise by flapping a newspaper back and forth over the smoke detector accidentally knocked the case off and broke it. The sudden silence rang in her ears.

Gareth gave Margie's shoulder a thump. "It's her fault," he said, "I told her the frying-pan was too hot. But she always thinks she knows everything." Hope put out an arm and hugged him too.

"Well," she said, "we're all late and we've got a big mess to clean up, so we might as well all pitch in together."

Shelagh at that moment appeared from the bathroom saying that she'd seen something funny in the toilet.

When Hope phoned the store to tell them she had another family crisis and that she'd be late, Stephen warned her that her ladyship was in a royal snit, so she'd better expect to burn her hands on the phone. Claire, however, didn't waste any words.

"This is your last chance," she said. "We'll talk about it when you get here."

Then she hung up the phone.

As Hope looked at herself in the bathroom mirror, saw her swollen face and untidy hair and wondered how she'd manage to make herself presentable for work, she made a mental note that she'd better pick up the pin-worm medicine after rather than before she went to work. That would give her a few more hours to plan how to persuade the older children they'd have to take the pills as well, just in case.

How, she wondered, could things possibly get any worse?

(to be concluded)

Cec Garfin on the

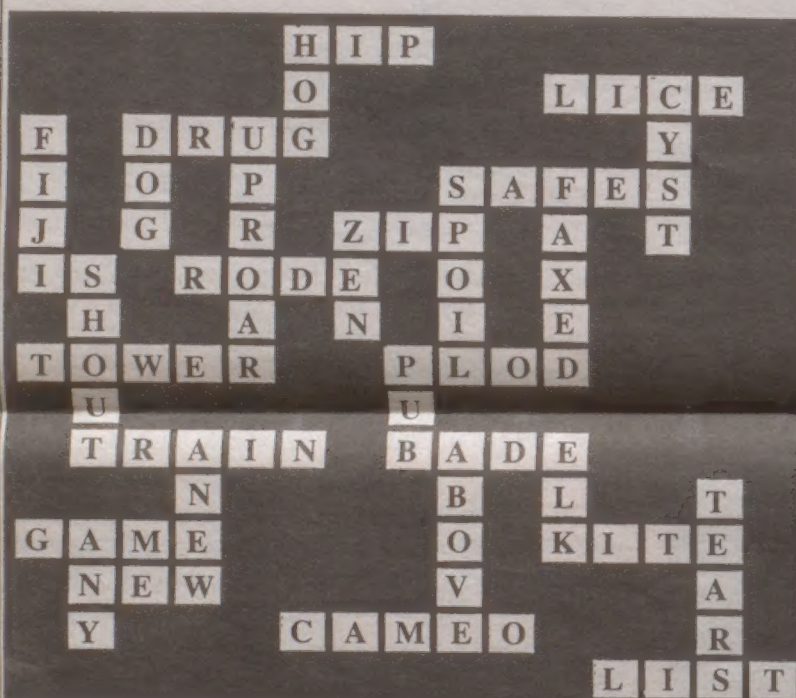
STREET SEEN

Alison Plisher with help from Chrystal Blume and members of her church congregation, the Old Strathcona Vineyard Christian Fellowship, decided that they would put on a Thanksgiving Dinner in 1996 for street kids and others. Beginning in January 1997, they combined with Knox Evangelical Free Church and now include congregation members from Edmonton Community Worship Hour to hold a regular dinner on the 3rd Saturday of



every month. This past July they began to have dinners every two weeks. The meals are usually inside or on the lawn of Knox United Church, 80th Ave. and 104th Street. Meals are prepared for up to 200 individuals who regularly come from all parts of the city. As many as 13 *Our Voice* Vendors have shown up. ♦

Solutions to last month's crossword.

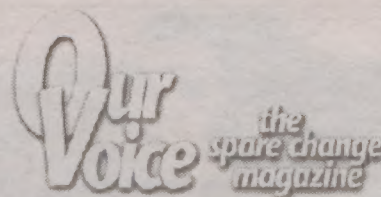


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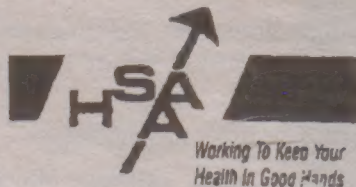
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12-5 Sunday

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OUR HOUSE

ADDICTION RECOVERY

A non-government funded residential agency
serving men with addictions.

- 3-6 month recovery program
- co-ed life skills and anger management courses
- 10 bed 3/4 house

(All donations appreciated.)

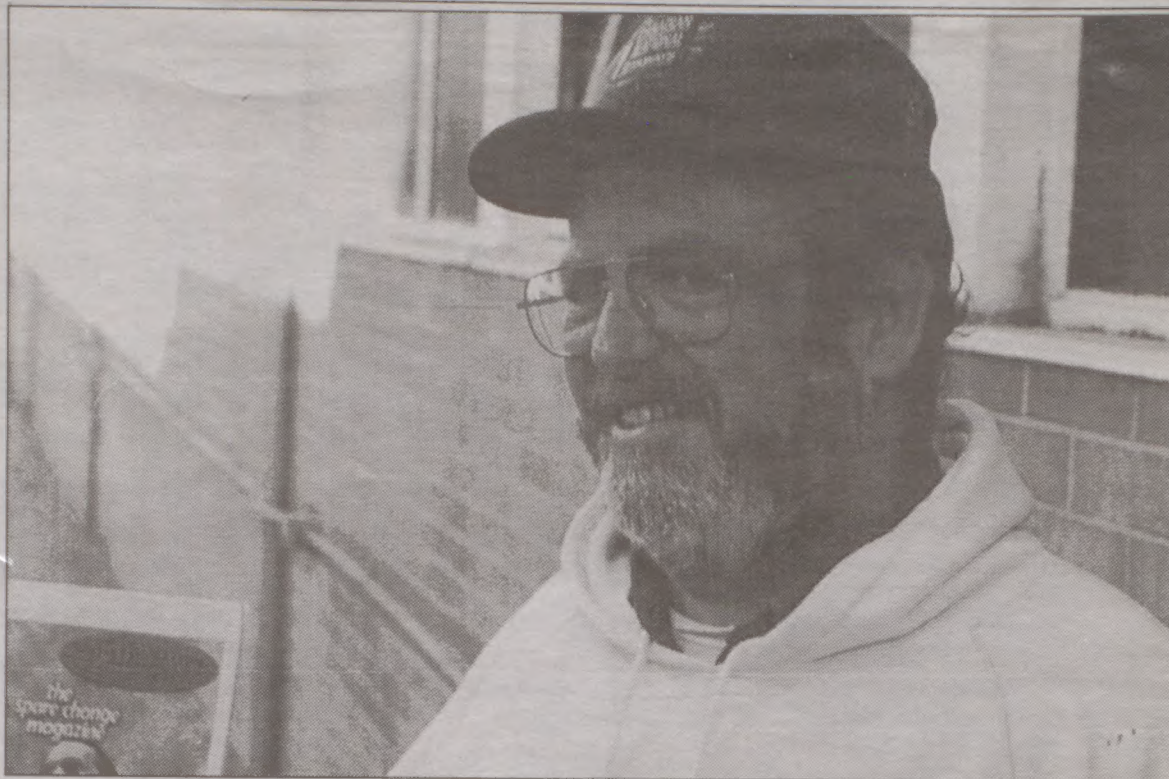
Helping People Help Themselves

Luxana
SHELTER

Exploring Alternatives with Victims of Family Violence
Fanciscan Sisters Benevolent Society

11035-92 Street
Edmonton, AB

Phone (780) 422-7263
(780) 424-6872



Ron Murdoch

Ron began vending *Our Voice* in August of 1995 in Saskatoon. During that time he began to write for the magazine and continued to do so as his travels took him all the way out to Vancouver.

He recently arrived in Edmonton from Winnipeg.

He is here to sell *Our Voice*, but more importantly to learn the ropes as to how a street paper is operated.

"I would like to go back to Saskatoon and run an office for *Our Voice* there," he says.

Hopefully one day Ron, with the support of *Our Voice* can start Saskatoon's very own street publication.

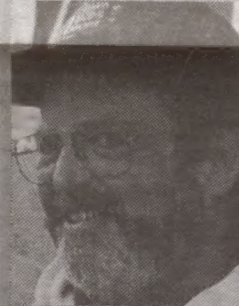
But for now Ron is here in Edmonton, so when you see him on the street please make him feel

welcome. ♦

VENDOR
Profile

EVERY Authorized
vendor has a
BADGE!

Our
Voice



V
E
N
D
O
R
B
A
D
G
E

Vendor Name

Number

Authorized by

OUR VOICE VENDOR'S CODE

- I will be sober at all times while working.
- I will be polite to all members of the public.
- I will vend only in areas that are authorized.

CITIZEN OF THE MONTH

George Haraida

Cec Garfin



George has volunteered at the Ft. Edmonton Halloween Spooktacular and is a fourth year Operation Red Nose Volunteer. He has worked at the Fringe and the Woman's Canadian National Fastball Championship. He has worked with the children in his neighborhood to organize events with their Community Association. He has a St. John's Ambulance Certificate. George has worked in oilfield construction and oil industry plants as a maintenance man, driven gravel trucks and was an assistant manager at a bank. Despite his diabetes,

George likes to keep active. His hobbies include coin collecting, chess, card games, billiards, golf and participating as a fan of local sports teams. He has umpiring certificates for both fastball and baseball. George is well deserving of our Citizen of the Month Award.

Cafe Mosaics

Our Voice Magazine
and Cafe Mosaics'
Citizen of the Month

EVERY MONTH in *Our Voice*, we will be featuring someone who has gone the extra kilometre in their lives or in their careers to make a difference in the lives of those who are less fortunate.

The Citizen of the Month will receive a dinner for two courtesy of the Garneau Cafe Mosaics on Whyte Avenue.



HAPPY PAGE



CALL FOR ART

You are invited to participate in the 3rd Annual Art from the Unknown Exhibit! This exhibit is intended to provide low income and unknown artists with an opportunity to showcase and sell their art during the Christmas season. It is also intended to provide artists with a community in which to give and receive support.



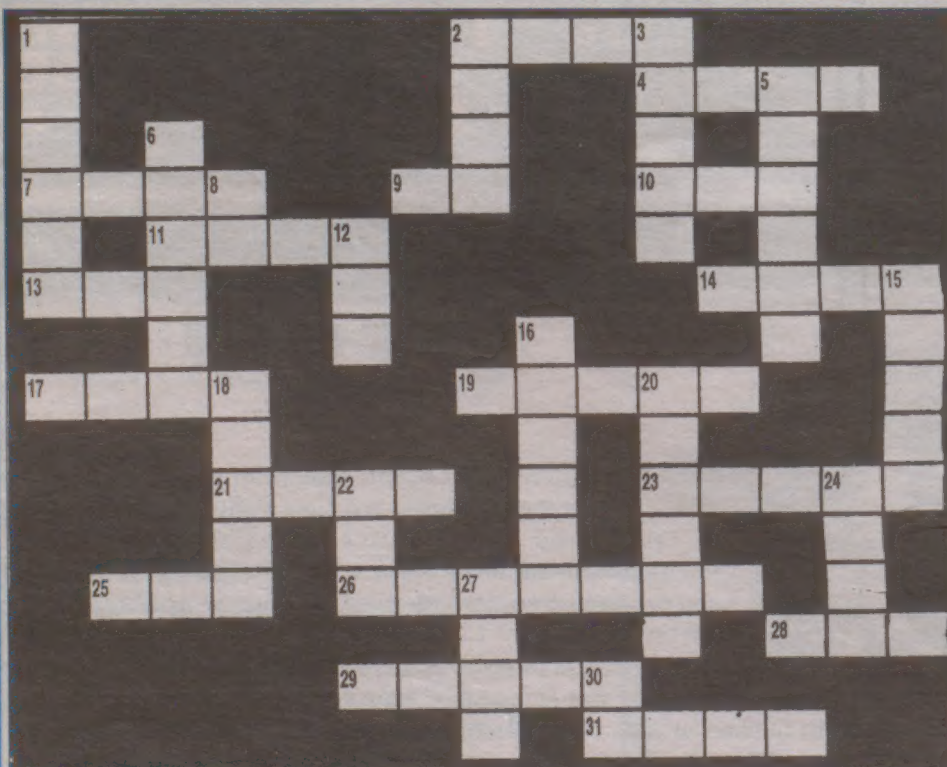
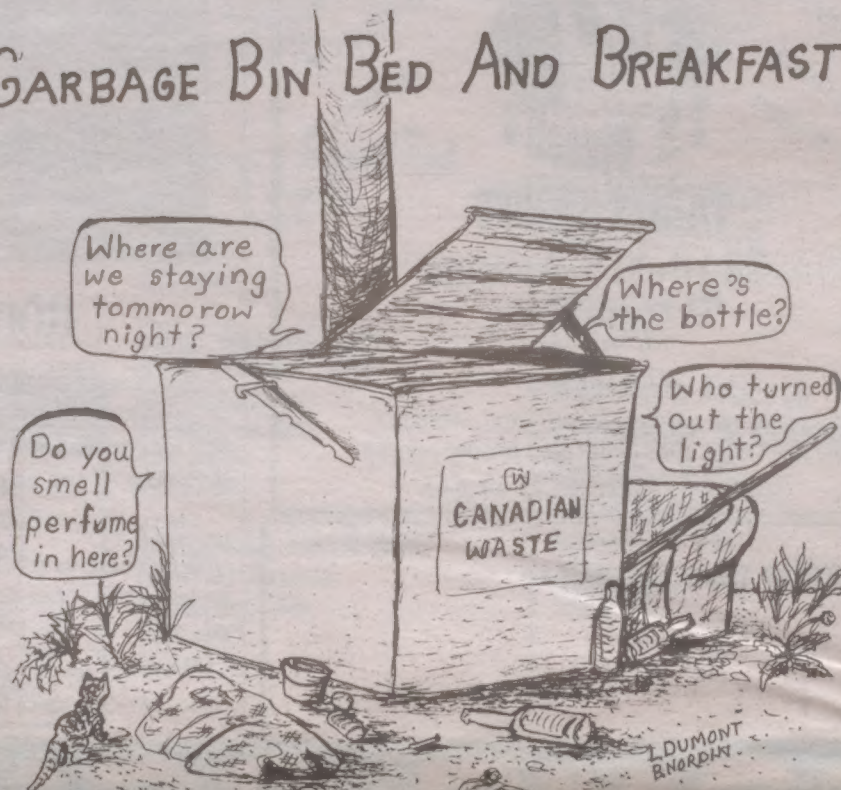
WHEN: December 15 - 19, 1999 WHERE: Arts Barns
OPENING NIGHT: Dec. 15 7:30 PM

Organized by Raj Pannu, MLA Edm.-Strathcona, Poverty in Action & Our Voice Magazine.

Deadline for Submission is: Tuesday, 30 Nov '99

Call Florence at Raj Pannu's Office for details: 414-0702

GARBAGE BIN BED AND BREAKFAST



Pete's Scrabble Crossword

ACROSS

- 1) With it, man
- 2) Hair replacement
- 4) Calgary AKA Cow ____
- 7) Vessel
- 9) At home
- 10) Baby goat
- 11) Midday
- 13) Bagel filler
- 14) Family ____
- 17) Deep cut
- 19) Ivana's ex
- 21) What Lisa eats for breakfast
- 23) Dry skin condition
- 25) Set down
- 26) Detonated
- 28) Surcharge
- 29) Mama bee
- 31) Seep

DOWN

- 1) Comic book brand
- 2) Eroded
- 3) Dracula's demise
- 5) Gadget
- 6) Hexes
- 8) Number (abbr.)
- 12) Squirrel staple
- 15) Milk producer
- 16) Multiple ovations
- 18) Laurel's partner
- 20) A post box stuffer
- 22) Taxi
- 24) Employ
- 27) Mimics
- 30) Bond's nemesis

Soupline Bob

